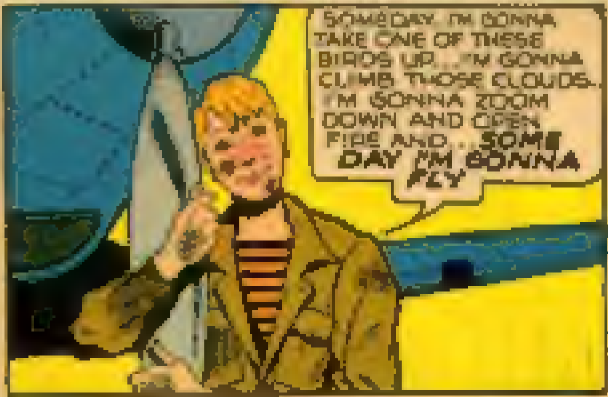


Jungle Comics
Fiction House Magazines
10¢
15c in Canada
DEC. No. 12
KAÄNGA—
JUNGLE LORD
in
"THE DEVIL'S DEATH-TRAP"
CAMILLA—
QUEEN OF THE LOST EMPIRE
WAMBI—
JUNGLE BOY
RED PANTHER
TERRY THUNDER
FANTOMAH—
MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE


Jungle
COMICS
10¢
DEC.
KAÄNGA—
"THE DEVIL'S DEATH-TRAP"
CAMILLA—
WAMBI—
RED PANTHER
TERRY THUNDER
FANTOMAH—



A FRECKLE-FACED, SNUB-NOSED KID—HIS FEET ON THE GROUND, BUT HIS HEART IN THE CLOUDS—THE SCREWBALL MECHANIC OF THE R.A.F.

Folks, Meet . . .

GREASE-MONKEY GRIFFIN

A famous Ace? A veteran combat fighter? A much-medaled flyer? An expert pilot? No, just a grease-monkey—a guy to do the dirty work, to oil and grease and fuel the steel birds, to patch up the shrapnel holes and to tune the motors to Swiss-watch perfection. Plenty of dirty work—but no glory.

That's Grease-Monkey Griffin, and the R.A.F. boasts no better grease-monkey. But he has one failing: *he can't keep his feet on the ground!* He can't control his impulses to get up in the clouds in one of the planes he loves so much. And he usually finds a way.

A perfect picnic, that joyous feeling of spreading his wings, of soaring through the skies. But suddenly those skies are filled with Nazi fighters. They swarm around him like a bunch of angry hornets—hornets armed with spitting machine guns and belching cannon . . . . *"This is no place for Grease-Monkey Griffin."*

READ HIS STORY—SEE IT

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WINGS COMICS

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A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

JUNGLE COMICS, VOL. 1, NO. 12, DECEMBER, 1940. [illegible] New York City. [illegible] Printed in U. S. A.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF JUNGLE COMICS (No. 13, JANUARY) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSTAND DECEMBER 1st.


KAÄNGA
by Red Brady
AS THE YACHT CUTS OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR DOGGED BY A SPEEDY COAST GUARD CUTTER, IT CROSSES THE THREE MILE LIMIT...
SO LONG, COPPER! AIN'T GONNA CATCH MICKEY MALLOY AND PUT HIM IN THE CLINK FOR NO MURDER RAP! NO SIREE!
WHERE WE HEADIN', MICK?
AFRICA!
AFRICA
HERE SHE IS, BOYS! BUT WE'RE GOING INLAND!
DAYS OF TRAMPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE IS NOT A GANGSTERS IDEA OF FUN.
HAVE A HEART, MICK!
OKAY, WE STAY RIGHT HERE!


IN A FEW MONTHS, A HOUSE STANDS IN THE WILDERNESS, BUT NOT BUILT BY THE WORK OF THE
THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN FORCED TO SLAVE FOR THE FORMER RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD
I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES IF YOU WORK FOR ME!
MICK PROVES HIS EFFECTIVENESS BY BRINGING DOWN GAME WITH HIS TOMMY GUN!
ALL BUT ONE CHIEFTAIN IS AFRAID TO OPPOSE MICK...
GET KAANGA
KAANGA! CHIEF WANT TO SEE YOU!
BUT WHY DO THEY LET HIM FORCE THEM TO WORK?
WE SHOW.
QUIETLY KAANGA AND THE NATIVE EXPLORE MICK MALLOY'S
THAT'S IT.. THE FIRE SPITTER THEY FEAR!
HMM.. NEVER SAW ONE LIKE THIS!


THE GANG GLOATS OVER THE SUCCESS OF THEIR PROTECTION RACKET.
THESE NATIVES ARE A PUSH-OVER!
HEH HEH!
SUDDENLY BULLETS SHOOT WILDLY PAST THEIR HEAD.
CHEEGIT! DA COPS!
BUT KAANGA IS MORE STARTLED THAN THE CROOKS.
H-HEY!
WHAT TH'! A WHITE MAN!
WE GOTTA GIVE DEM A LESSON IN DISCIPLINE!
BACK IN THE CHIEFTAIN'S HUT.
THEY WILL COME TO KILL US NOW... THEY WILL BE VERY ANGRY!
THAT'S THE VILLAGE! COME ON, BOYS!
WELCOME WE...
CUT THAT GAB! WHERE'S THE WHITE MAN?
WELL, WHERE IS HE? TELL ME OR I'LL DRILL YA!


CALL THE TRIBES TOGETHER. WE'LL GET RID OF THIS MENACE!
THAT NIGHT TRIBAL DRUMS BEAT
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM


BUT THE VILLAGES ARE DESERTED.
NO ONE HOME HERE EITHER... WHAT D'YA MAKE OF IT, MIKE?
I DUNNO, AND I DON'T LIKE IT!
BUT THE JUNGLES ARE ALIVE WITH WARRING NATIVES.
AN ARROW SINGS FORTH.
ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STRIKE
WHERE ARE DEM BOIDS?
HEY! DEY'RE ALL OVER DE PLACE! LET'S SCRAM!
THEY FLEE THE ARROW-RAINING JUNGLE AND FIND THEIR OWN HOUSE SURROUNDED BY SHOUTING ANGRY NATIVES.
ELECTRO-COMICS


HOLY SMOKE! WE'LL HAVE TO PLOW RIGHT THROUGH THEM!
KAANGA LEAPS TO A TREE, AS THE CAR SPEEDS ALONG.
AND JUMPS.
OW!
COME OUT AND FACE THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!
WE DON'T WANT YOUR "CIVILIZED" WAYS HERE!
YOUR GUNS DON'T ROAR AS LOUD AS OUR LIONS!
BUT YOUR CHIN MAKES GOOD PRACTICE FOR ME!
NOW LEAVE THE JUNGLE, BEFORE I REALLY GET MAD!


WE'LL GET THE REST OF THE BOYS ON THE BOAT
WE'RE NOT FINISHED WITH THEM YET. SOME OF YOU COME WITH ME!
THE FIRST OF MICA'S HENCHMEN MEETS HIS DEATH
UGH!
WE GOTTA LEAVE HIM THERE OR WE'RE ALL GONERS!
I-I CAN'T GO ON MUCH FURTHER...
...AND THE THUG IS SPARED FURTHER TRAMPING...HE DROPS IN HIS TRACKS DEAD!

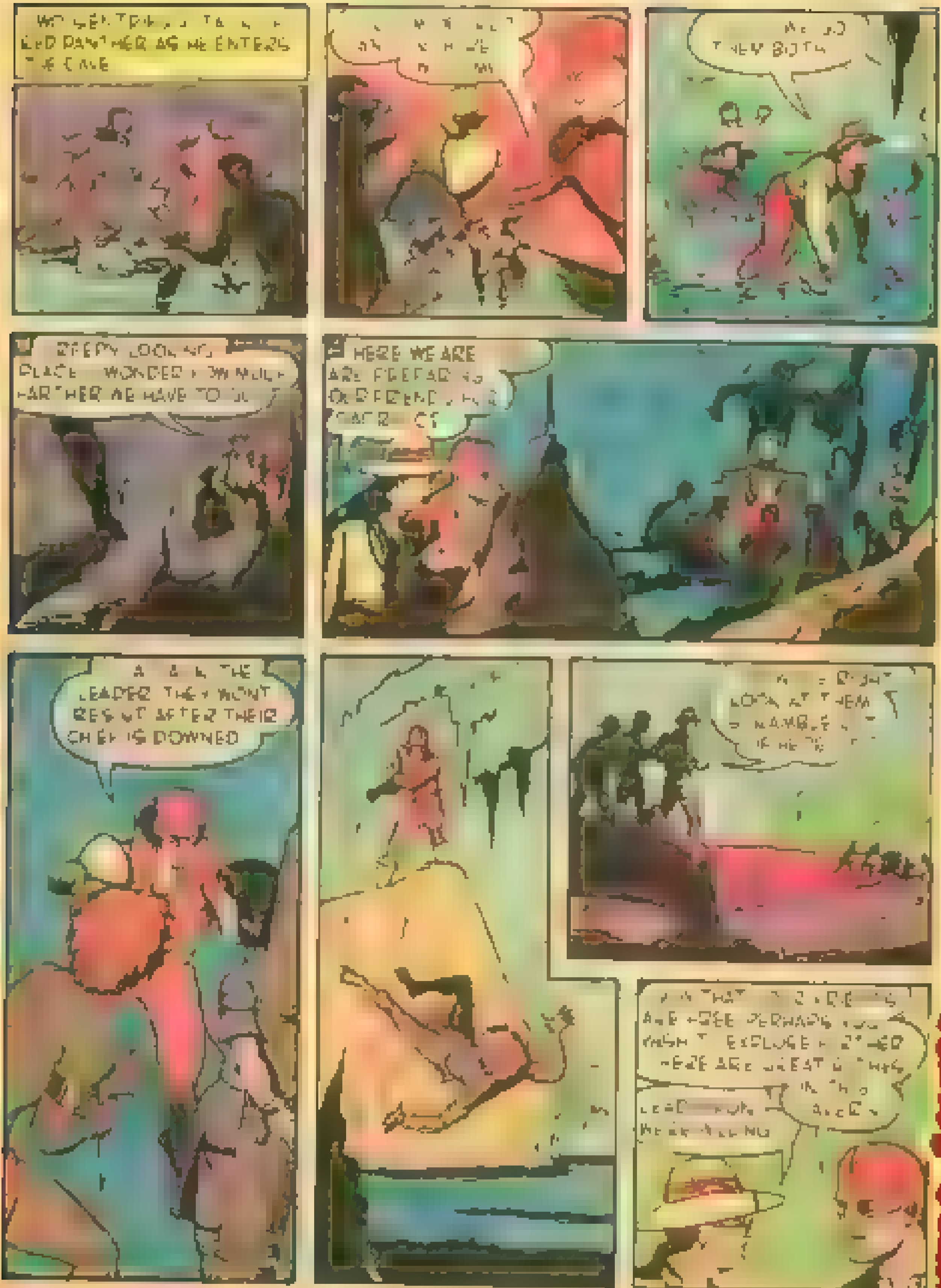

THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'M ALL ALONE!
IN TERROR HE BEGINS TO RUN
AND FALLS INTO THE
HELP! I'M SINKING!
SOON THE
SILENTLY THEY BOARD
THE THUGS ARE STARTLED
WANT TO KEEP MEN LIKE YOU OUT OF THE JUNGLE!


!?
DO A GOOD JOB ON HIM


WE LIT FUSE LIKE YOU TOLD US


THE RED PANTHER
by TAYLOR MARTIN
LOOK OUT A TIGER




THEM BOTH
HERE WE ARE
LEADER
IS DOWNED

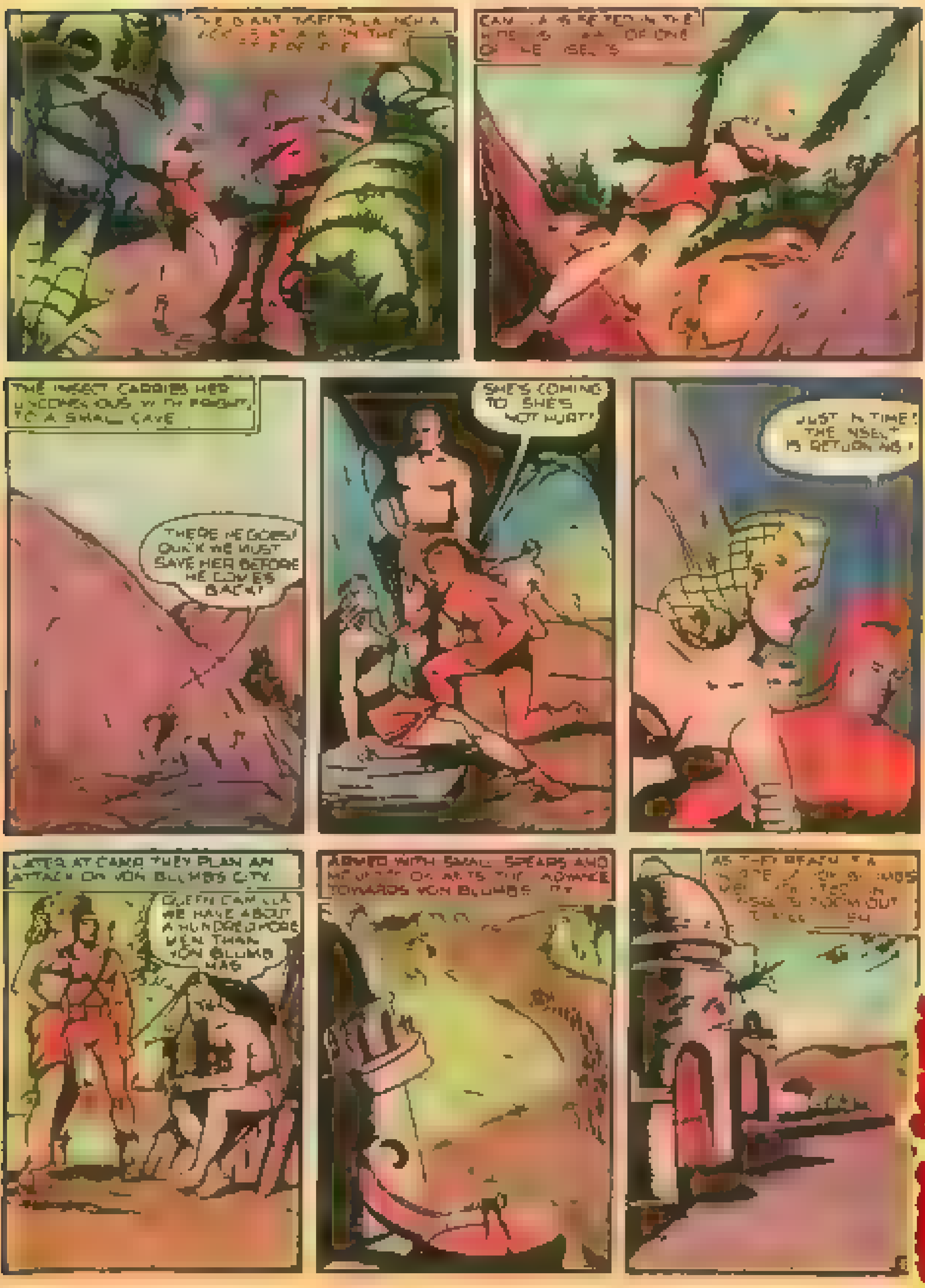

HAVE LEFT BEHIND
THE RED PANTHER AND THE GROUP OF SCIENTISTS FLOAT DEEPER INTO THE GLOOMY CAVERN
STOP HERE'S DANGER AHEAD
DON'T SEE ANYTHING LET'S GO ON
HOLD ON HE'S UNDER THE RAFT
THE RED PANTHER DRAWS HIS BOW - A RED ARROW SINKS INTO THE CROCODILE'S TOUGH HIDE
ON THE SURFACE
LOOK AT THE SEETHING WATER - I FEAR FOR OUR RED CLAD FRIEND


SNAP
HOW CAN WE EVER EXPRESS OUR THANKS - BUT WHERE IS THE RED PANTHER?


CAMILLA
QUEEN OF THE LOST EMPIRE
CARTER
WEEKS LATER

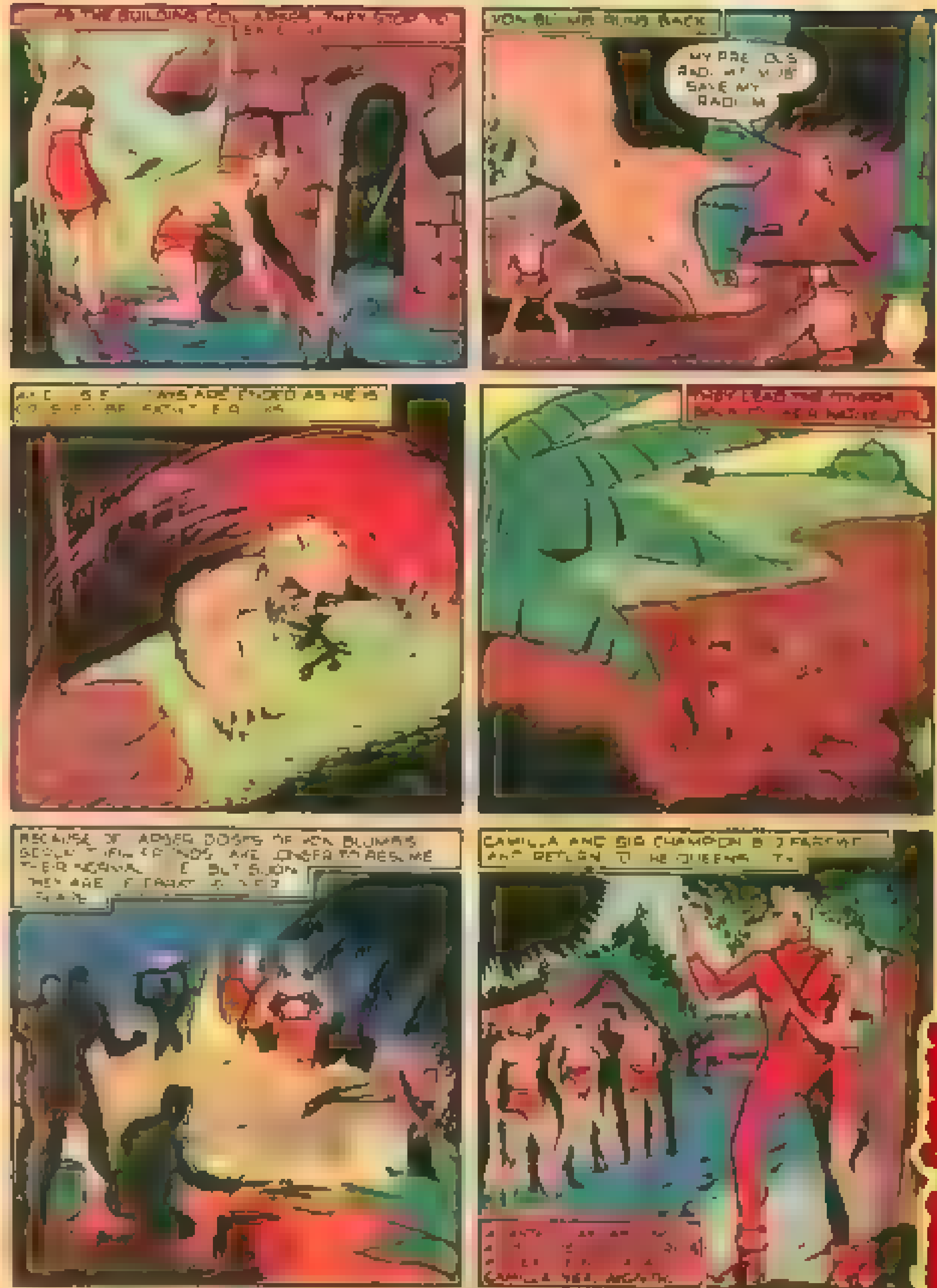




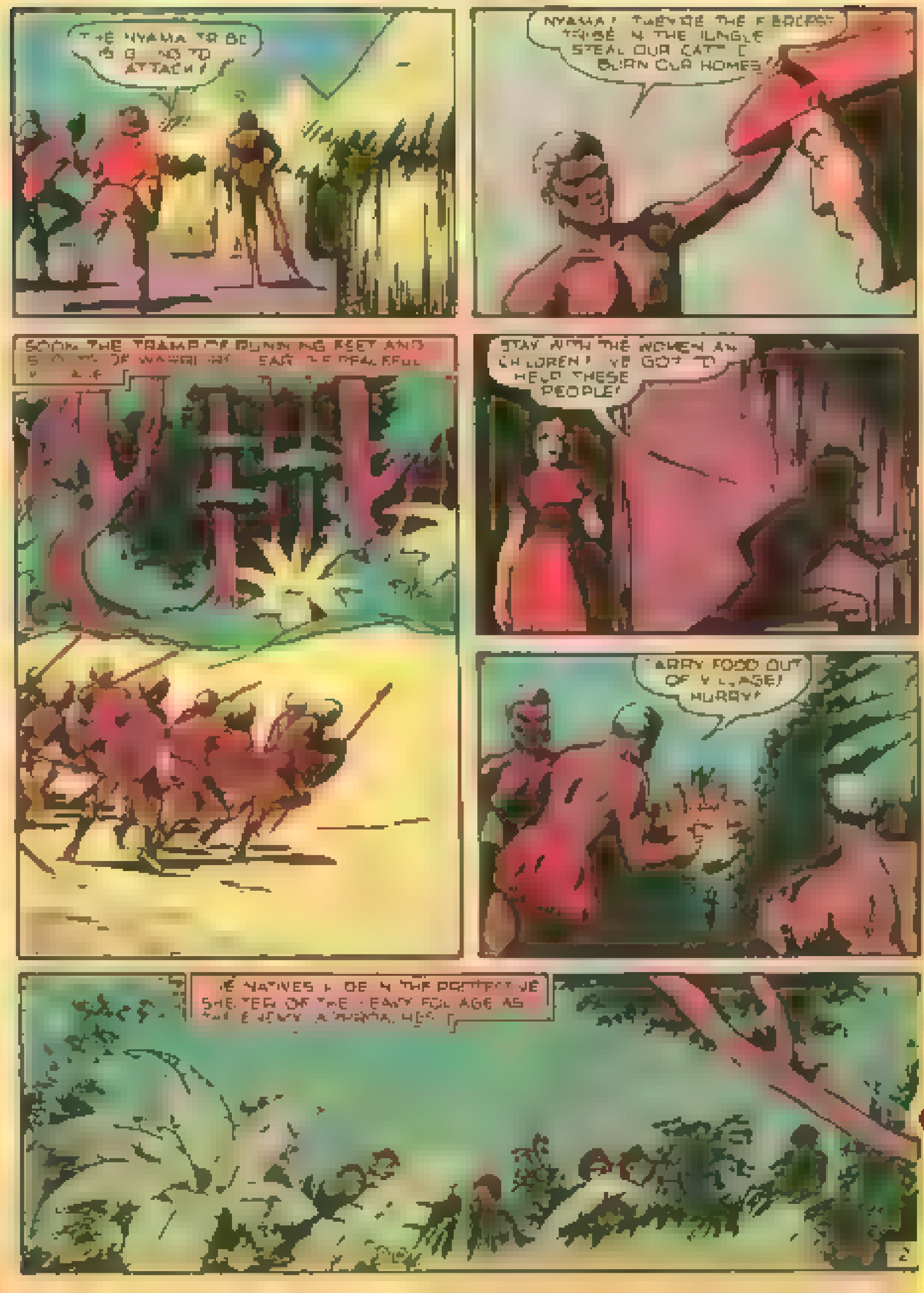

THE INSECT CARRIES HER
TO A SMALL CAVE
THERE HE GOES! QUICK WE MUST SAVE HER BEFORE HE COMES BACK!
SHE'S COMING TO. SHE'S NOT HURT!
JUST IN TIME! THE INSECT IS RETURNING!
LATER AT CAMP THEY PLAN AN ATTACK ON VON BLUMBS CITY.
QUEEN CAMILLA WE HAVE ABOUT A HUNDRED MORE MEN THAN VON BLUMB HAS
ARMED WITH SMALL SPEARS AND
TOWARDS VON BLUMB'S






SAVE MY
CAMILLA AND SIR CHAMPION


ROY LANCE


NYAMA TRIBE ... ATTACK!
NYAMA! THEY'RE THE FIERCEST TRIBE IN THE JUNGLE ... STEAL OUR CATTLE ... BURN OUR HOMES!
SOON THE TRAMP OF RUNNING FEET AND ... OF WAR ... PEACEFUL ...
STAY WITH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN! WE GOT TO HELP THESE PEOPLE!
CARRY FOOD OUT OF VILLAGE! HURRY!
... NATIVES ... IN THE PROTECTIVE SHELTER OF THE ... FOLIAGE AS ...




RESISTANCE!
CAN'T STAND BY
SLAUGHTER!


ROY CHASES AFTER THEM


ROY LANCE

VIOLENT DEATH

The Law of the Jungle Saves a Man's Life Until the Right Time Comes.

By Bob Anthony

The giant ape took one step nearer to the man who was flattened out against the rock. Ugly fire burned in the little eyes as a huge black hand brushed the trickling blood from a wound across the [illegible] face where a bullet had grazed the heavy skin.

The gun that had fired the badly aimed shot lay several feet behind the gorilla.

The beast seemed to be playing with the taut emotions of the man, advancing slowly, glowering menacingly. He knew the human was trapped.

Grasping the jagged edges of the rock as though it could in some way protect him the man pressed back every fiber straining. "Break through rock, and let me in!" His contorted face seemed to say. His face was gaunt, hard. The frightened eyes were sharp and held the power to produce fear themselves. In a world of men this face was cruel and brutelike. But now it faced its match. This was the Jungle.

As the foul hot breath of the ape began to sting his cheeks the man suddenly loosed his hold of the rock. He fell limply together, his arms dangling, his knees buckling, his head drooped. The terror had left his eyes. He waited in dull resignation for the end.

The gorilla lifted him in both hairy arms and tossed him up like a rag doll. Then grasping his legs and upper trunk, the ape prepared to crack his spine in two and dash the man in a broken heap on the rock—but a yellow jet of fire sang through the branches behind his head and in an instant the beast had dropped, shot through the brain.

Dirk Hardy lifted the shaking man from the clump of grass where the [illegible] him.

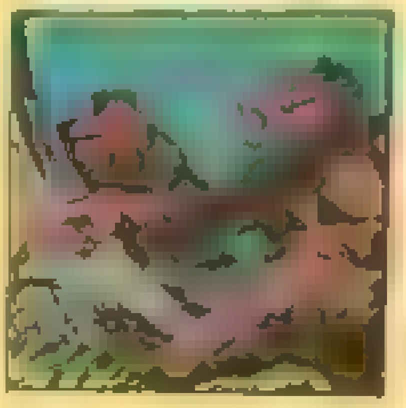
"Well, you're a lucky dog. Not many people come out alive from that wrestling match."

"You should have let him kill me. Don't go messin' in other people's business after this."

Dirk whistled in surprise at the surly tone of the man he had just saved. He grabbed his arm as he turned to pick up his gun and go off into the Jungle.

"Is that all the gratitude I get? What were you tryin' to do, commit suicide the hard way?"

The other didn't look at Dirk but his tone was more friendly. "When a fella's time comes to die—he might as well die. I



was told by a fortune teller once that I was going to die a violent death. That was violent enough for me. I've lived my life—and I've taken plenty of other lives. Now it was [illegible] you muffed [illegible]

"What do you mean, you've taken other's lives?" Dirk asked wheeling the man around so he had to face him.

"I've killed five men." He stared defiantly at Dirk. "My name's Jed Warner. The law's after me."

Dirk looked around at the still form of the ape

stretched out on the ground. "H mm, maybe I did make a mistake. Well anyway come on. You're miles from any village, water or food. You might as well spend the night at my camp."

"But—"

"Come on," Hardy commanded and set off through the bushes. Jed Warner followed.

They ate before Dirk's tent in complete silence. The fire threw sharp shadows on the face of the killer, but his eyes had grown softer as he [illegible] Dirk chewing complacently. He started to speak—"Those men I killed—I had to do it—[illegible] short [illegible] Dirk had leaped to his [illegible] the [illegible]ness of a deer. His gun was in his hands and he was listening—not to Jed—to jungle sounds.

A panther, lean and hungry, slid through the bushes before the camp clearing. Its eyes gleamed yellow green as it stared into the fire and then [illegible] it was off [illegible]

"We'll have to watch that baby in the morning. He's got us ordered for breakfast." Dirk sat down again and lit his pipe.

Morning came and Dirk left the tent and the sleeping Jed to stalk the panther. Better to take the offensive than let the silent cat surprise him.

He didn't have to go far. The trail lay printed in the dewey morning earth straight to the foot of a vine covered mango tree. In the branches the hungry eyes looked down as Dirk lifted his rifle. But at that moment a chattering monkey swung through the topmost branches of the tree, dropped a hail of nuts and berries down upon the upraised gun with as deadly an effect as machine gun fire. Dirk's aim went wild and in that split second, the panther leaped, knocking the gun from his grasp and pinning him flat on his back with heavy claws.

The yellow fangs above Dirk's throat meant certain death. He closed his eyes.

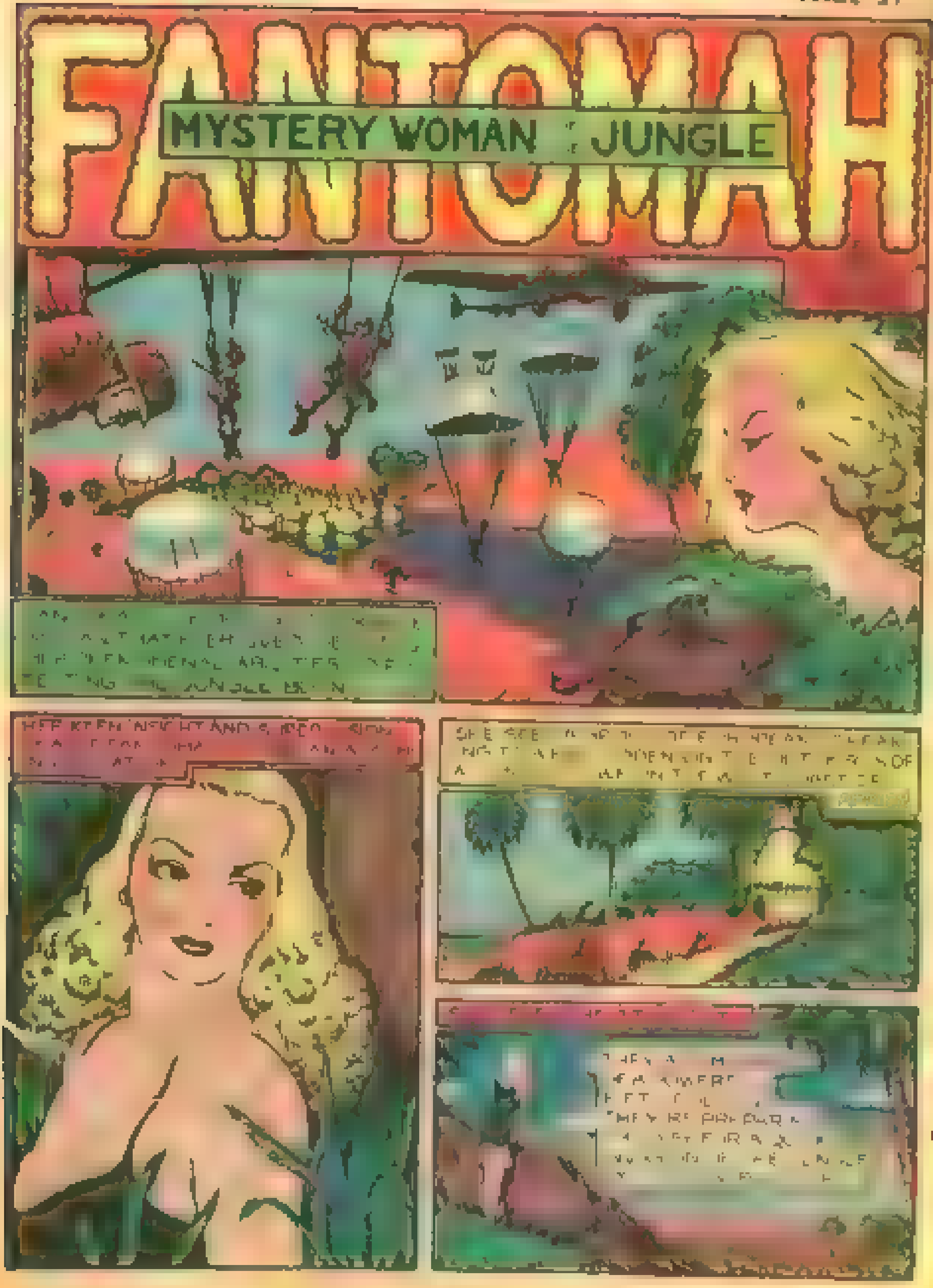
At that moment something shot out of the bushes and hurled itself at the panther with the force of a whirring bullet. The animal rolled off of Dirk, clawing wildly. Its huge claws grasping the body of a man that rolled over with it kicking wildly and beating aimlessly with the butt of a gun.

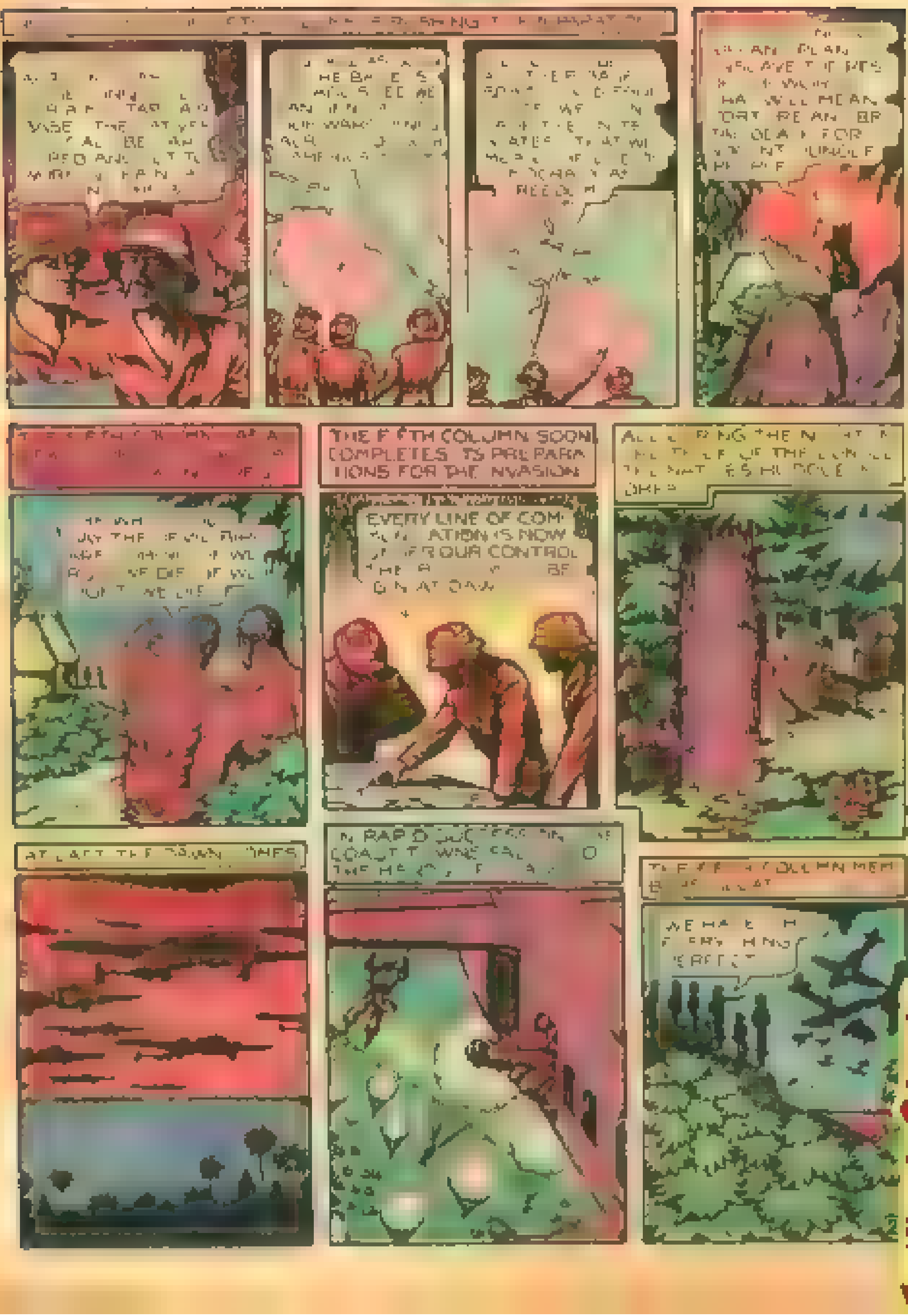
It was Jed Warner.

Dirk scrambled to his feet and swiftly picked up his own gun, he fired. But as the panther broke his hold and lay gasping from the bullet in his heart, Dirk realized that he had been too late. The fangs had already bitten deeply into Jed's neck at the base of the brain. He lay, inert and lifeless, beside the big cat's body.

Dirk regarded him sadly. "A violent death," he whispered to himself—"there must be a lesson in this somewhere." And he walked slowly back to camp.

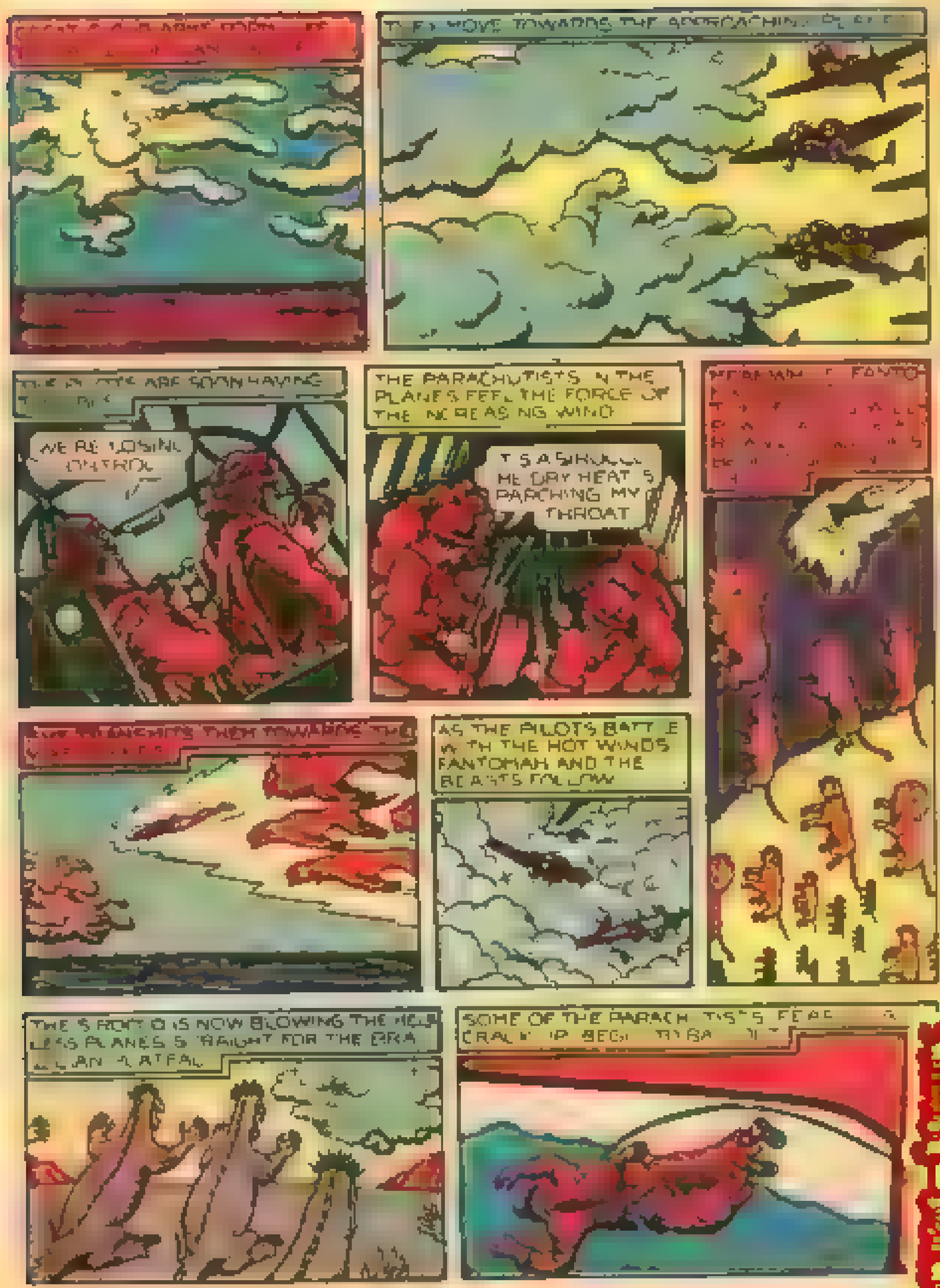


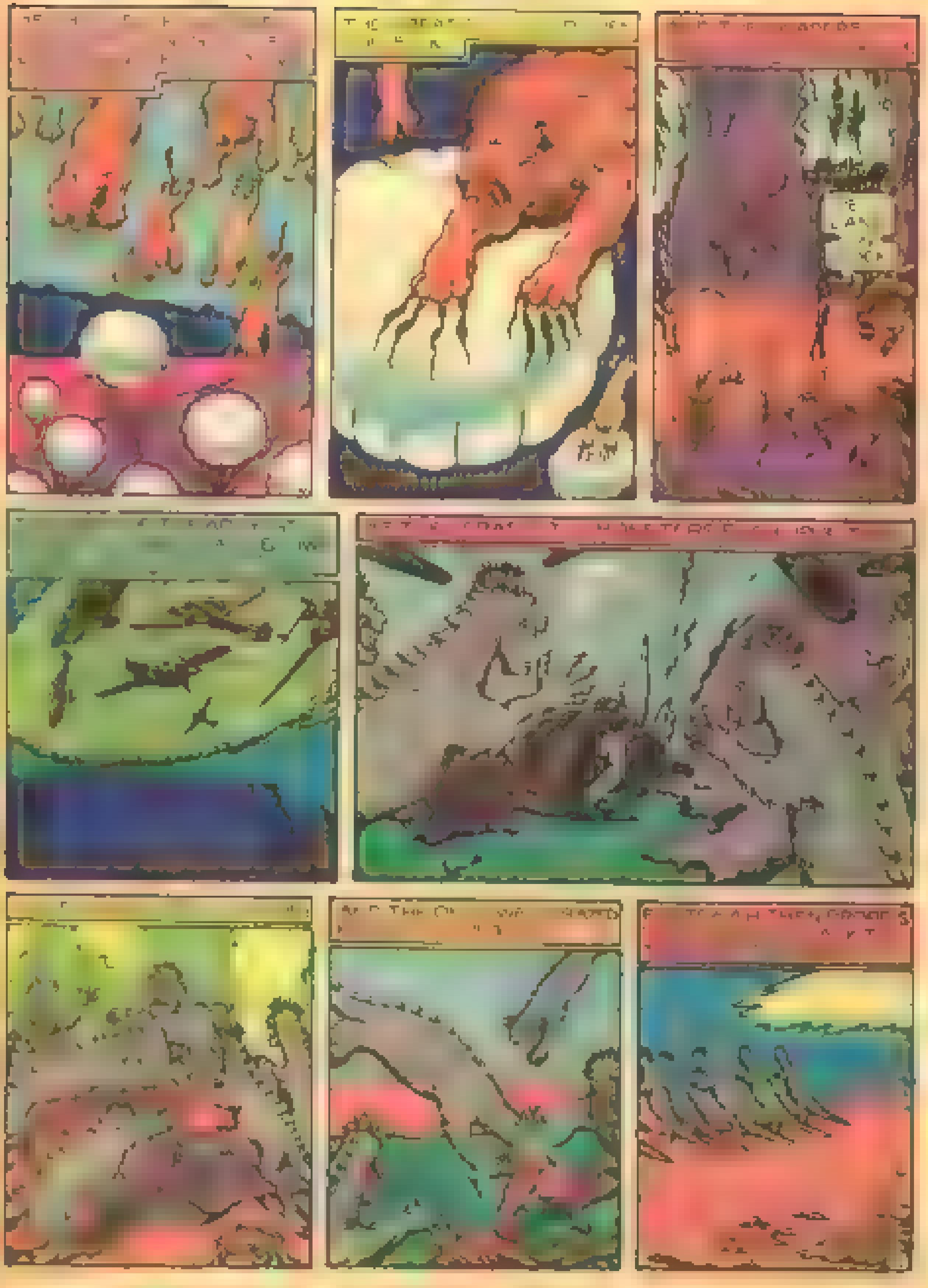

FANTOMAH
MYSTERY WOMAN JUNGLE

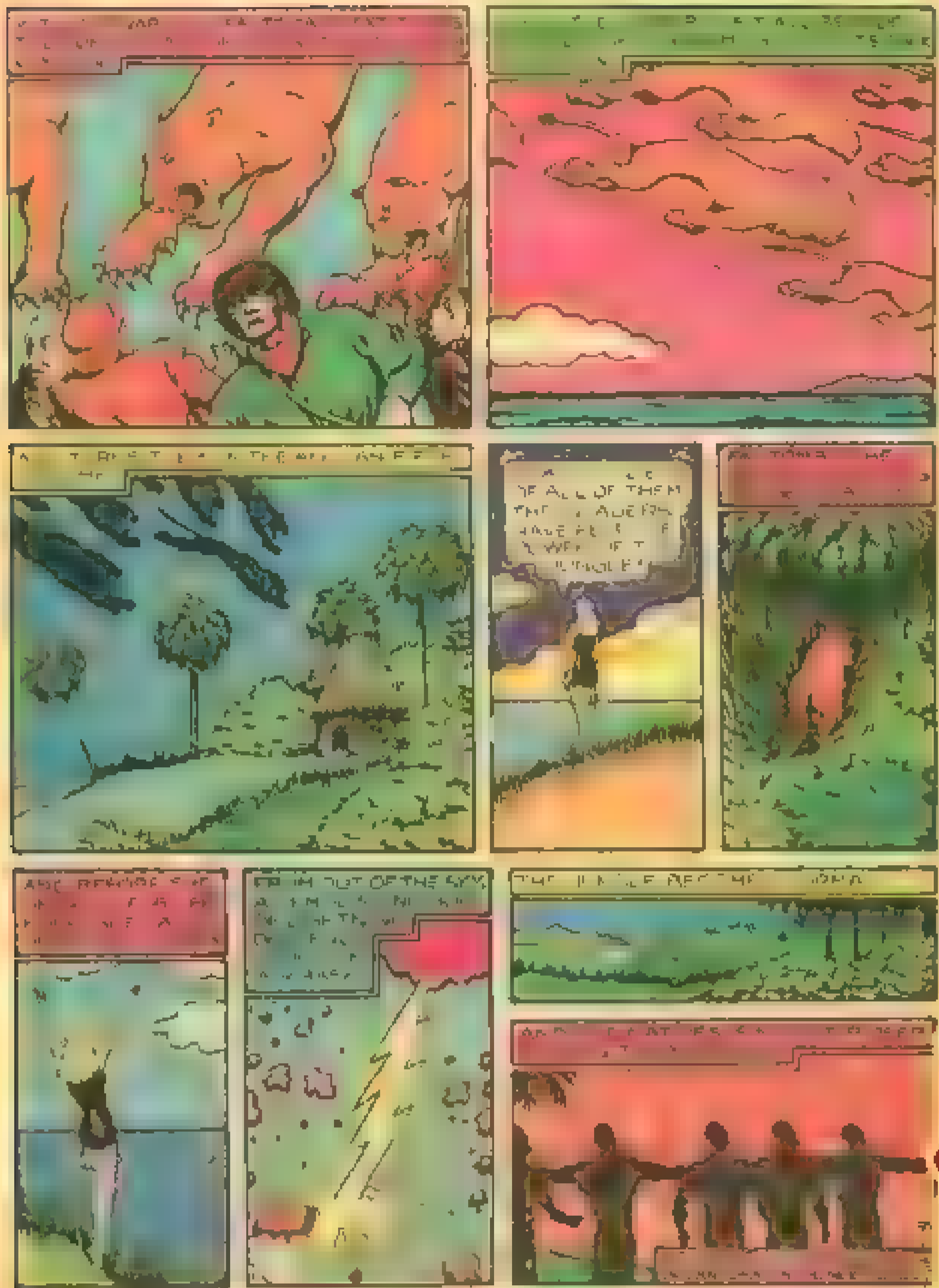


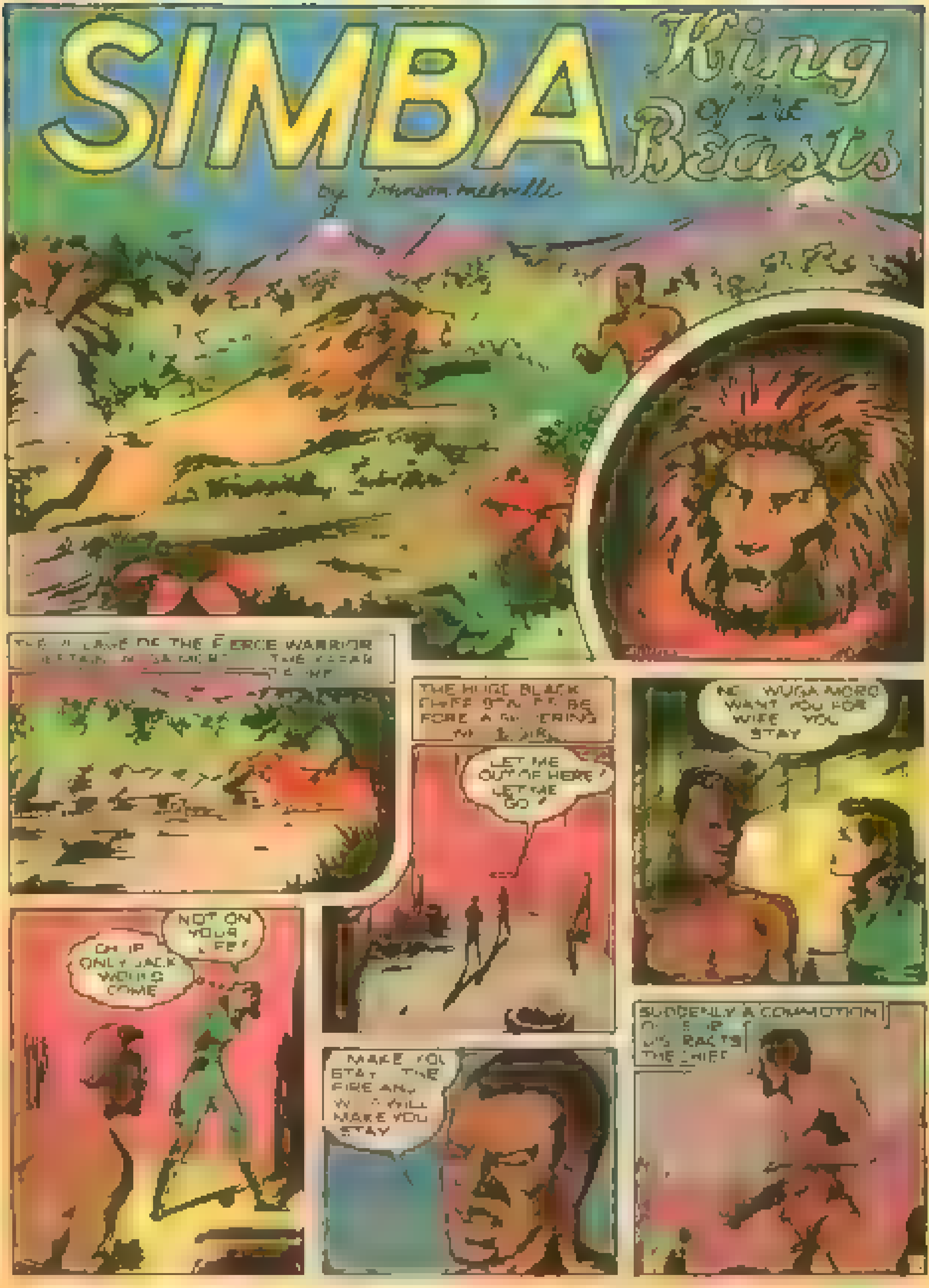




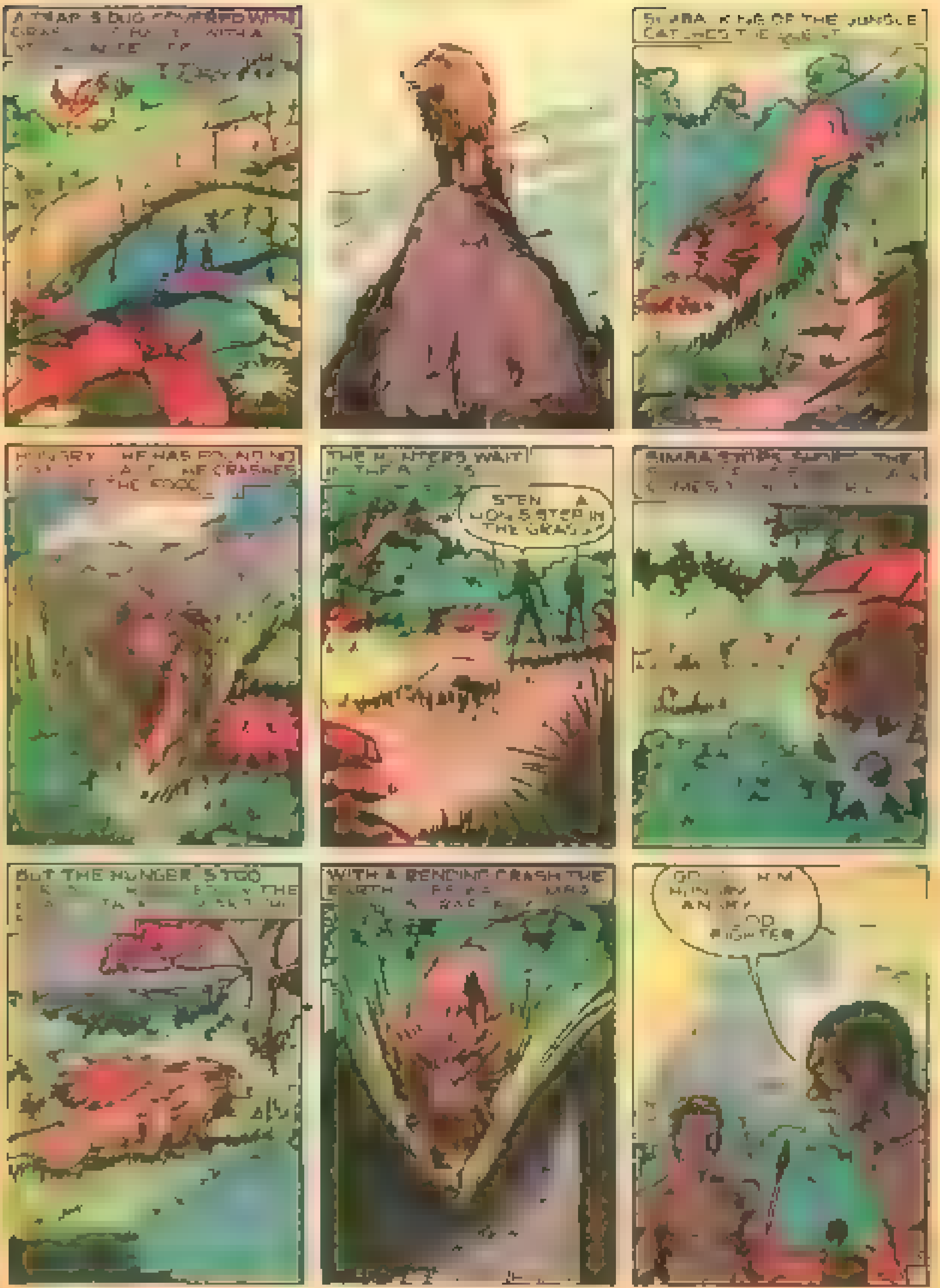

MOVE TOWARDS THE
ARE SOON HAVING
WE'RE LOSING CONTROL
THE PARACHUTISTS IN THE PLANES FEEL THE FORCE OF THE INCREASING WIND
THE DRY HEAT IS PARCHING MY THROAT
THEM TOWARDS THE
AS THE PILOTS BATTLE WITH THE HOT WINDS FANTOMAH AND THE BEASTS FOLLOW
IS NOW BLOWING THE PLANES STRAIGHT FOR THE
SOME OF THE



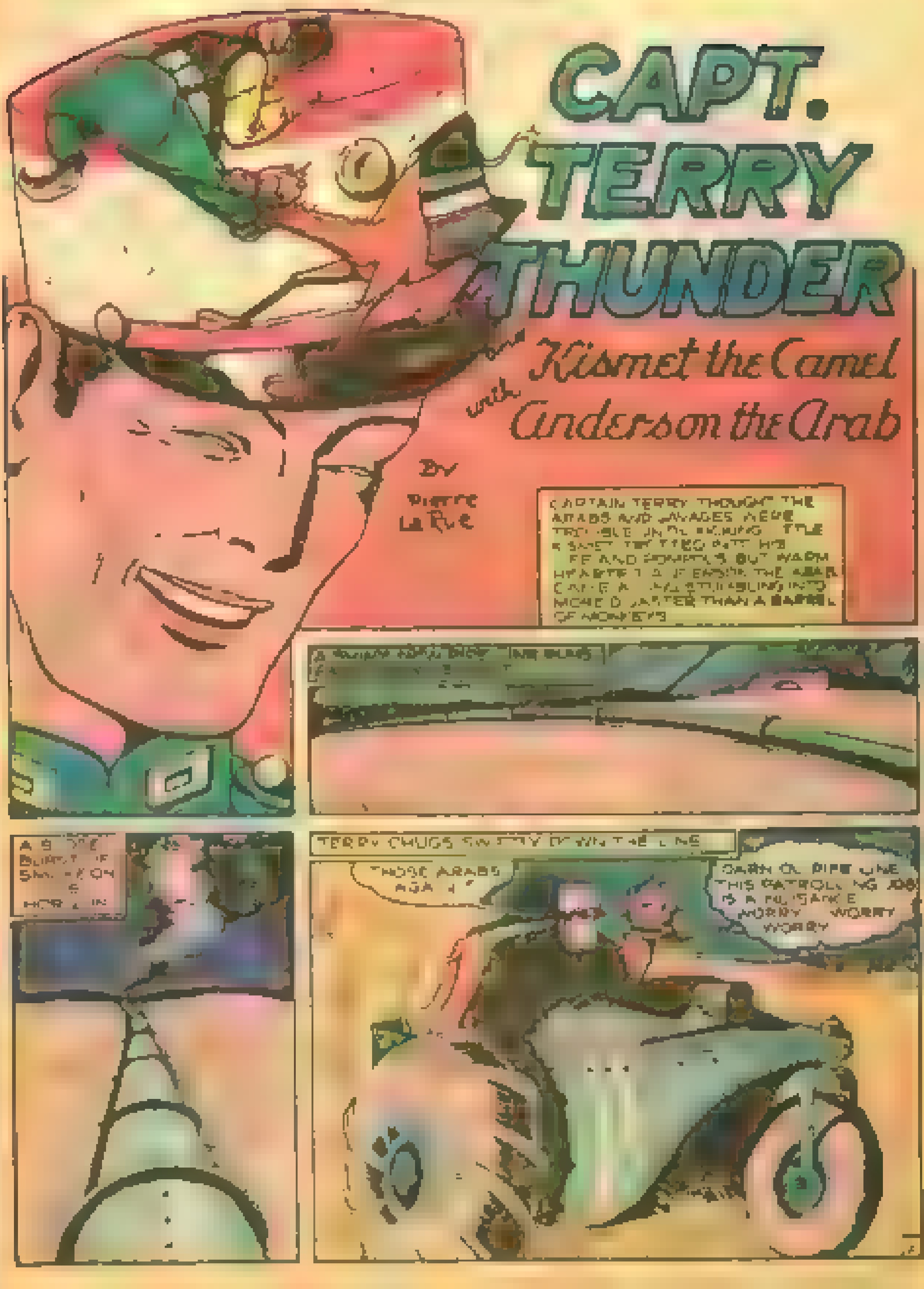

FROM OUT OF THE SKY

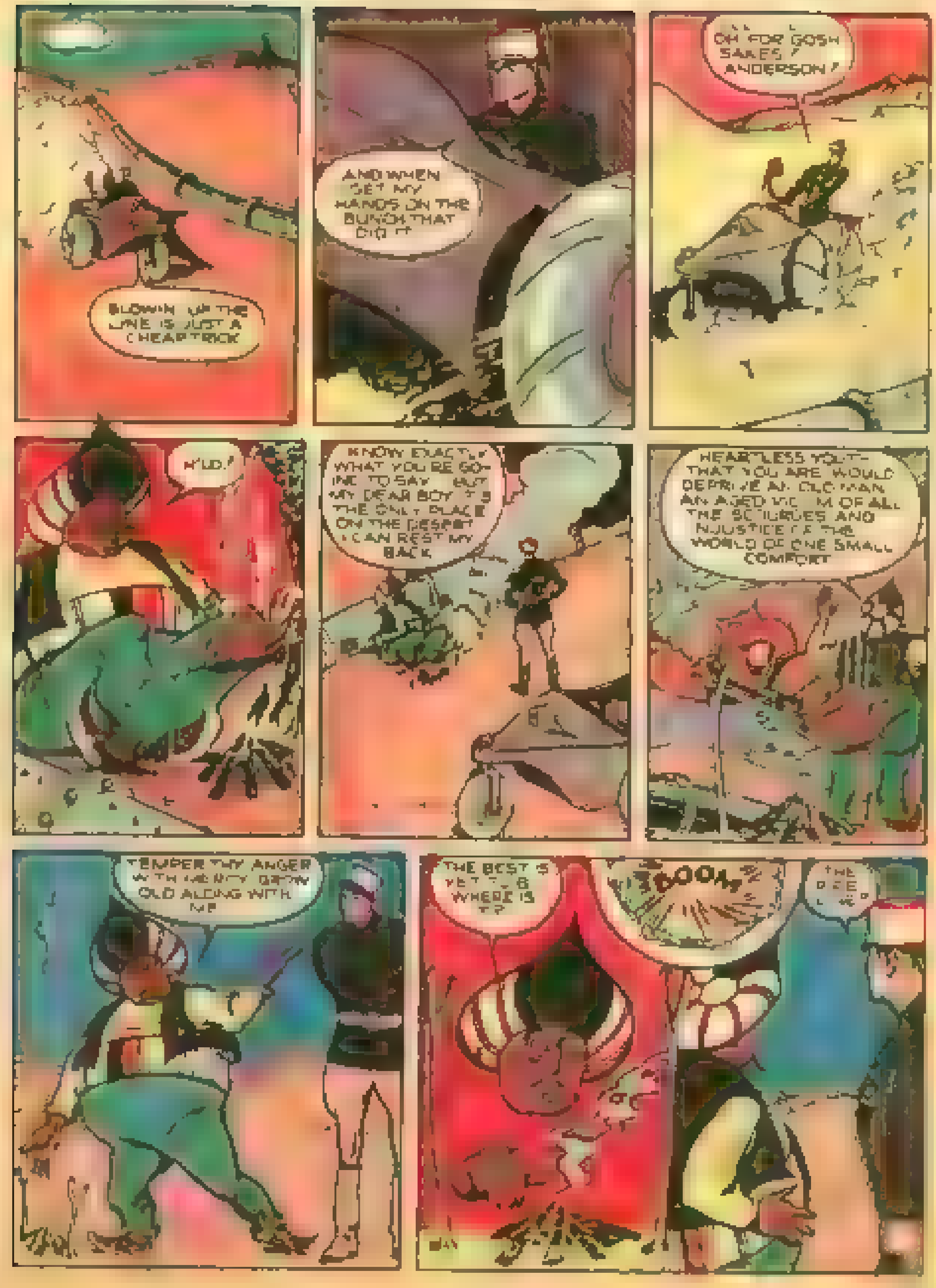

SIMBA
King of the Beasts
THE HUGE BLACK CHIEF
LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME GO!
WANT YOU FOR WIFE
STAY
ONLY JACK
COME
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
MAKE YOU STAY
FIRE AND
MAKE YOU STAY
SUDDENLY A COMMOTION
THE CHIEF






ANGRILY SIMBA RUSHES FORTH


CAPT. TERRY THUNDER
and Kismet the Camel
with Anderson the Arab
By Pierre LaRue
THOSE ARABS
WORRY WORRY
WORRY


BLOWIN' UP THE LINE IS JUST A CHEAP TRICK
AND WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THE BUNCH THAT DID IT
OH, FOR GOSH SAKES! ANDERSON!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY -- BUT MY DEAR BOY IT'S THE ONLY PLACE ON THE DESERT I CAN REST MY BACK
HEARTLESS YOUTH THAT YOU ARE, WOULD DEPRIVE AN OLD MAN, AN AGED VICTIM OF ALL THE SCOURGES AND INJUSTICE OF THE WORLD OF ONE SMALL COMFORT
TEMPER THY ANGER WITH MERCY. GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME
THE BEST IS YET TO BE. WHERE IS IT?
BOOM






PRAISE BE ALLAH!
HOLY CROCODILES! WHAT A LAY OUT!
SPREAD BEFORE HIM
GET MORE MEN
SAAY WHAT AM I RUNNING, A ZOO? DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH YOU TWO YOU HAVE TO INVITE A FRIEND A VULTURE AT THAT!
WERE DEAD ALREADY. HEY HE'S NOT SO DUMB
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL FOR ONCE AND LIE DOWN YOU'RE DEAD
YOU GONE MAD? MY HEART IS STILL BEATING FEEL!
SHUT UP AND LIE DOWN!
G'WAN PLAY DEAD!


WHAT'LL I DO IF THEY SHOOT TO MAKE SURE I'M DEAD?
ALIVE


TERRY AND
AND HIS HOOFS BEAT A SHARP TAT
WHILE VINCENT
THE ARABS HAVE ALL GONE
THANKS PA, THANKS A LOT


TABU
WIZARD OF THE JUNGLE
IN THE HEART OF DARKEST
TABU, WIZARD OF THE
AND SO OUR STORY BEGINS
SLOWLY IT MOVES FORWARD


ONLY TO FALL BACK TO UNCONSCIOUS
POOR FELLOW HE'S JUST ABOUT DONE IN STILL SOME LIFE IN HIM THOUGH I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY PLACE
BARON LOOH WHO IS HE?
DAYS AGO HE DROVE ME FROM THE VILLAGE OF BACTU THAT LIES MANY MILES TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESERT


ANDRE ... HE'S DEAD
THIS BARON LOGM A VISIT
FINISH WHAT FATHER ANDRE STARTED
IN THE COURTYARD BARON LOGM INSPECTS THE NEW SLAVES JUST BROUGHT IN FROM THE DESERT
HMMPH A SORRIER LOT I'VE YET TO SEE
THERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS GOOD AND STRONG
BRING HIM TO ME AND REMOVE HIS CLOAK THAT I MAY BETTER SEE HIM
HIS CLOAK TORN FROM HIS SHOULDERS THE POWERFUL FIGURE OF TABU STANDS FACING BARON LOGM
HE IS STRONG SIRE WHERE SHALL WE WORK HIM?
IN THE MINES BELOW
TAKE HIM DOWN AT ONCE


FATHER ANDRE WAS RIGHT
STUPID EYES COME HERE
WHO DARES ADDRESS A GUARD LIKE THAT?
TAKE OFF THESE CHAINS WISH TO GO OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR
WITH THIS WHIP PUT AIR HOLES IN YOUR FILTHY CARCASS
WHA WHAT'S HA HAPPENED TO MY WHIP?
AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT THE SLAVES FIND THEMSELVES FREE FROM THEIR SHACKLES
WHO WHO ARE YOU?
CHAINED TO THE WHEEL
GO NOW TO THE LEFT OF THE RIVER YOU WILL BE SAFE



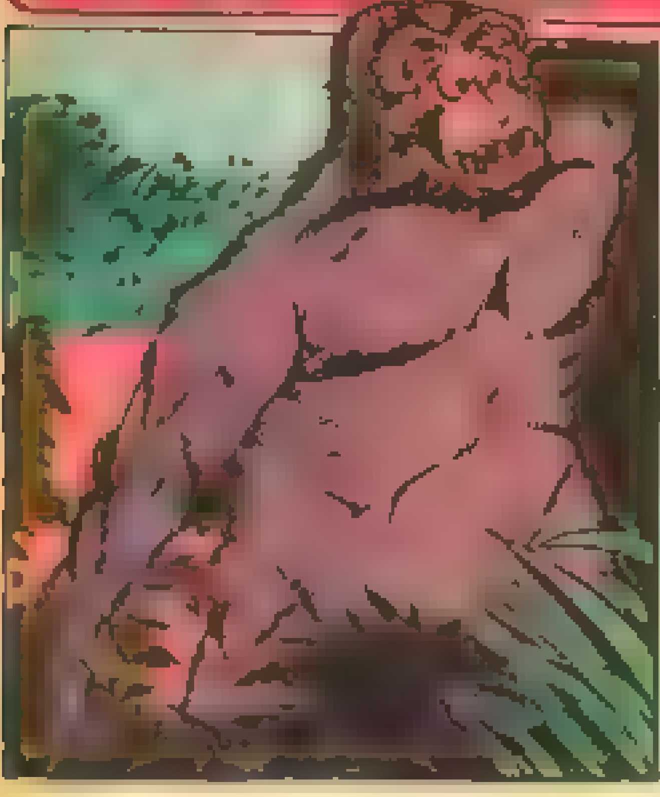

THEN RACING FOR THE ADJOINING
LIKE A BULLET HE RACES
HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME THAT DEVIL'S POWERS WILL NEVER CATCH UP WITH ME NOW.
REACHING THE MAINLAND TOO LATE TABU NOTICES THE SMALL LAUNCH DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE
HE'S FREE BUT


SUDDENLY, THE SKY BURSTS INTO LIGHT, AND THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH, AS TABU MAKES CONTACT WITH THE POWERS ABOVE.
AND MANY, MANY MILES TOWARDS THE EAST, THE BEWILDERED FIGURE OF BARON LOGH WITNESSES THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF THE SKY.
LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRICAL STORM ..I'LL HEAD IN TOWARDS THAT COVE!
AT THAT INSTANT, A RAY OF LIGHT SHOOTS DOWN UPON THE BOAT AND IT'S OCCUPANT.
THE POWERFUL FORCE OF THE RAY INSTANTLY PARALYZES THE MOTORS.
IT'S THE MOTOR, I'M SURE I CAN'T BE OUT OF GAS!
THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH THE MOTOR! WHAT COULD IT BE?
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? CROCODILES SURROUNDING THE BOAT!
IF I CAN REACH THE SHORE, I'M SAFE! I'LL WAIT AWHILE, THEY'VE GOT TO MOVE AWAY SOMETIME!
THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE BARON WATCHES THE SLOWLY MOVING CROCODILES.
I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER, I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT ON THE LIMB!
7


THE WATER BECOMES A CHURNING MASS AS THE CROCODILES ATTACK THE SCREAMING FIGURE OF
THE BARON
MEANWHILE TABU ADDRESSES A SMALL GROUP IN THE VILLAGE
THERE IS NO FURTHER REASON TO FEAR BARON LOGH. HE IS DEAD. NOW YOU CAN LIVE IN PEACE
THE PALACE CAN BE USED FOR FUNCTIONS OF IMPORTANCE. YOU ARE NOW FREE TO MAKE A NEW LIFE FOR YOURSELF
IN SILENCE THE VILLAGERS WATCH AS TABU LEAVES
A SHORT WHILE LATER TABU PAYS HIS RESPECTS AT THE GRAVE OF FATHER ANDRE
I'VE KEPT MY PROMISE FATHER. YOUR PEOPLE ARE FREE
MORE MYSTICAL ADVENTURES OF THE WIZARD OF THE JUNGLE WILL APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF JUNGLE COMICS

JUNGLE Facts

by Tex



The Gorilla

THIS SPECIES OF APE IS FOUND IN THE MORE REMOTE REGIONS OF AFRICA. USUALLY OF TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, HE WILL NOT ATTACK A MAN UNLESS HARD PRESSED. THIS HUGE BEAST OFTEN SUCCUMBS TO A MERE COMMON COLD

The COBRA . . . .

A COBRA CANNOT HEAR, AND HIS WEAVINGS TO MUSIC IS GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS ITS SEARCH FOR AN OPENING TO STRIKE

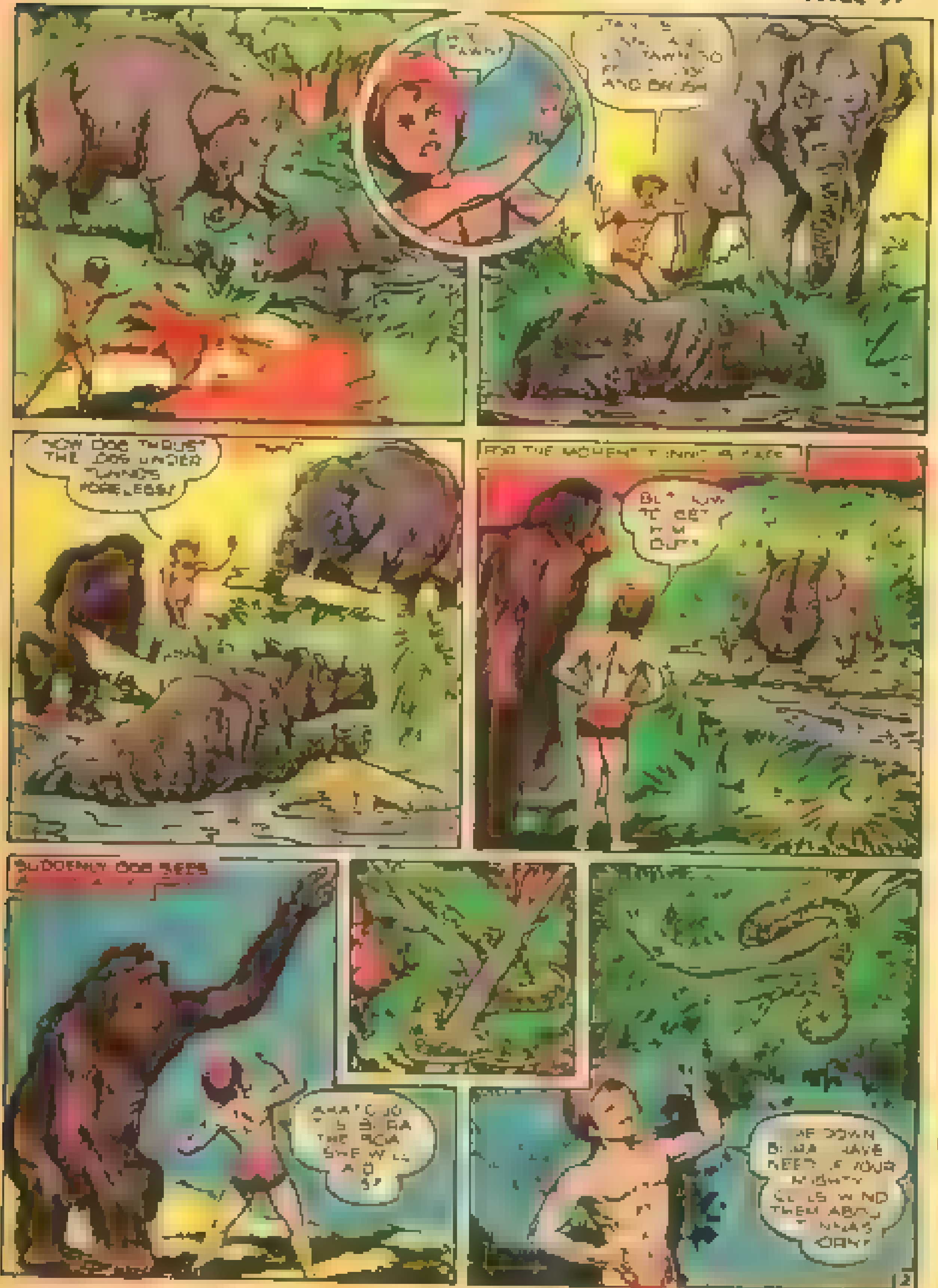




The BLACK PANTHER

THE MOST FEROCIOUS OF JUNGLE BEASTS. WHEN WOUNDED A BLACK PANTHER PROVES TO A DEADLY BALL OF FURY. WITH 10 ARROWS IN VITAL PARTS, ONE MANAGED TO KILL A SCORE OF NATIVES BEFORE DROPPING DEAD.


The JUNGLE BOY
BE NO OBEYED
AWAKENED BY UGO.
THE GREAT APE




WAR DRUMS!
BUT WAMBI STOPS THE STAMPEDE




NOT SO FAST KALA! THE KUMBER DEMANDS BLOOD AS WELL AS FIRE. GO ATTACK YOUR NEIGHBORS THE BWANO PEOPLE. BRING ME THE HEAD OF THEIR CHIEF!
THEN YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REWARD
MUST WARN THE BWANOS!
THIS BERRY JUICE WRITES WELL!
THE GRAMAYAN COME TO ATTACK YOU!
BEAR THIS MESSAGE!
CARRY IT TO BARNA THE BABOON. BID HIM DROP IT IN THE BWANO VILLAGE. STILL HAVE WORK TO DO HERE.
THE MESSAGE IS FOUND BY A
CHIEF.


THE BWANGS CALL A COUNCIL OF WAR.
ALL MUST GO INTO HIDING. WHEN THE FOE COME, THEY MUST FIND OUR VILLAGE DESERTED!
AND FIND THE HUTS EMPTY.
SUDDENLY THE BWANG WARRIORS APPEAR FROM AMBUSH.
TAKEN UNAWARES, THE GRASAWARIS ARE BEATEN.
MEANWHILE, WAMBI HAS BEEN BUSY.
YOU LEARN WELL, MAGGO. NOW FLY TO YONDER CAMP AND CALL OUT YOUR MESSAGE!


HEIL FUHRER!
HEIL FUH... BUT WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?? WHERE IS ?
WHILE THE NAZIS HUNT FRANTICALLY FOR THE VOICE
I'LL TAKE THIS GOLD!
HERE COME THE SAVAGES. THEY SEEM ANGRY!
SOMETHING IS WRONG!
WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! THE BWANOS WERE WARNED! GIVE US OUR GOLD!
CAPTAIN GET THE GOLD!
DONNER WETTER! ITS GONE!
SO YOUR FUHRER BETRAYS US, AND NOW YOU WOULD CHEAT US AS WELL!
HELP!
SWIFT AND UNMERCIFUL IS THE JUSTICE OF THE JUNGLE.
I'LL GIVE THIS GOLD TO THE BWANOS FOR THEIR TROUBLE!
HEIL FUHRER! HA HA HA!

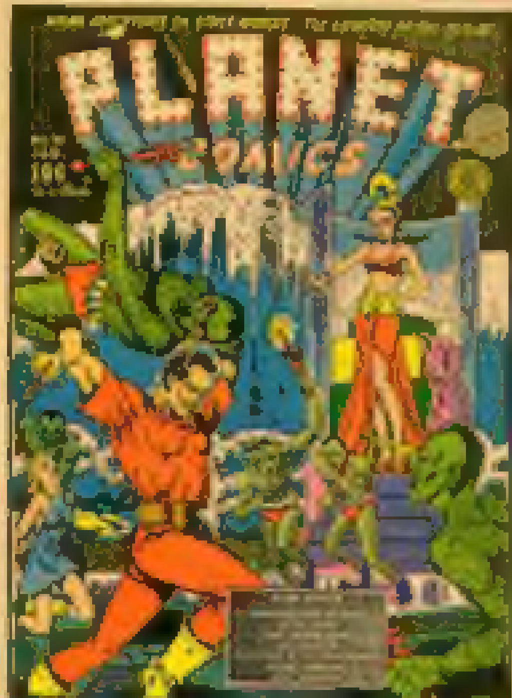
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